

Phi Theta Kappa Adds Members Numerous Speech Activities Due

State Contest Entrants Chosen Tuesday Morning

In the College Assembly held Tuesday morning in the music room of the Junior College Building, local tryouts were held to determine which of several entrants should be allowed to represent the college in the district speech meet to be held in the near future. Scheduled for March 29 at Lamar Junior College in Beaumont, this meet is one in which Tyler Junior College students always rank high and these entrants will carry our hopes to Beaumont for a state championship in several of the speech contests.

Tryouts were held before the entire assembly for the oratory contest and contestants were Billy Tunnell whose oration was entitled "Go South, Young Man," Raymon Cook who talked on the interesting subject of money and its accompanying evils in a cleverly titled speech; "Gold Dust Makes You Sneez." Girls who entered the contest and wrote original orations were Barbara Murphy whose contribution was "An Understanding Heart," and Iris Futoransky who spoke on "The Shadow of the Swastika."

Providing an interesting hour for students who heard them as well as gaining valuable experience in the delivery of their orations, these students made excellent impressions as they presented their orations for the student body. Winners in the contest were Bill Tunnell and Iris Futoransky who will represent Tyler Junior College in the speech meet in Beaumont. Also present at this meet will be Arthur Williams and Jeanette Thigpen who will represent the school in extemporaneous speaking. Orchids to you students, for your excellent work and luck when you journey to Beaumont.

Major Production To Be Presented On February 28

The last of the series of Clare Tree Major productions will be presented here by the Girls' Forum on February 28. After an afternoon performance of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" sponsored by the A.A.U.W., the Girls' Forum is presenting "The Yellow Jacket" with another New York cast, hand-picked for their ability to portray the characters presented in these productions.

For the older audience this play has been presented in every metropolis throughout the civilized world, and New York, London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Petrograd and Moscow have all set upon it the seal of their artistic and popular approval. It is brilliantly staged and costumed and has all the traditional formality of actors of the Chinese theater. It was first made famous by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn.

The story is simple and tells about the Emperor Wu Sin Yin the Great who must dispose of his first wife and her infant child so that he can satisfy the ambition of his second wife to be raised to the rank of the first wife. He leaves the execution in the hands of the husband of the first wife's loyal maid who saves the child and rears him as her own. The play deals chiefly with the life of the young

(Continued on Page 5)

American Credulity Ridiculed In Las Mascaras Presentation A La Martian Monster Welles

Freshmen Girls Honored Guests At Tea In Lounge

Sophomores And High Freshmen Entertain Here; Students And Apaches Fraternize

The sophomore and high freshmen girls were hostesses at the tea Wednesday afternoon from two till four given in honor of the incoming freshmen papooses. It was given in the lounge and a George Washington motif prevailed. Attractive little cherry trees and red, white, and blue decorations were used. A general feeling of friendliness was felt and the new "baby-freshmen" were made to feel at home on this reservation by the older, well-mannered squaws. Mignon Jarrel was at the head of the invitation committee. Verna Mae Kelley was in charge of the refreshments. A number of girls were appointed to have the honor of serving. Wanda Moyer was in charge of the decorations. Evelyn Atwood was in charge of arrangements. All the older girls were very co-operative and an enjoyable time was had by all. The dish washing committee was Adrah Hicks.

Bicampus Group Holds Meeting Tuesday P.M.

The Girls' Forum met Tuesday at home room period in the gym. Martha Ann Connally, president, opened the meeting and welcomed the guests. Miss Verna Mae Kelley introduced her committee of special sales of tickets. After these introductions the president presented Miss Iris Dunham, program chairman, who introduced the speaker, Rabbi Wessel. Rabbi Wessel is a comparative new comer to Tyler but he won many new friends by addressing the Girls' Forum in such a pleasing and interesting manner. He spoke on the "Yellow Jacket," the last play in the series of Clare Tree Major productions who are being presented by the Girls' Forum. Rabbi Wessel has seen this production many times and was able to tell us much of the philosophy behind the play. The play is presented in the Chinese manner and is a definite appeal to the imagination for very few properties are

(Continued on Page 4)

Of interest to Tylerites and East Texans as well as to students of the college is the forthcoming district junior college one-act play contest which will be held in Tyler this year on March 8 at Gary school auditorium. The three junior colleges eligible for the contest are Lamar from Beaumont, Lon Morris from Jacksonville and Tyler Junior College.

Texas is divided into eight districts and the winner from each enters the state play meet held at Hillsboro on March 15. In the past, Lon Morris has won the state championship four times and Tyler won the state championship in 1938 with "Submerged." Old Apaches will not soon forget this production which might well have furnished beginnings for a theater guild comparable to those in many larger cities. It is interesting to note that the time Tyler won the state contest the district contest was held here on home territory. Superstitious Indians might place emphasis on this incident and feel especially certain of success this year, since we are once more performing on home grounds.

The play that our drama club has selected to give this year is "No! Not the Russians!" by Osmond Molarsky. It is a satire on the American people for believing everything they read in the newspapers and it is reminiscent of the style used by Orson Wells in "Men From Mars." The play is timely and has many modern touches, including a reference to the Finnish relief fund. The lines make fun of the American people in a light manner but they also contain biting satire on the Russians and Russian characteristics.

The play takes place just above the Palisades in New York and it has very modern staging with the setting as an artist's studio. Except for the easels, model stand, and canvases, the stage is practically bare. Something similar to the staging of "Our Town." It has a stage manager who introduces and explains the action to the audience. A classical note is contained in the play also and it likens to the Comedia del Arte, classic Italian drama. The family in the play is similar to the family in "You Can't Take It With You." The play carries the modern trend of turning to satire and subtleness, such as is contained in two of the best movies of 1939, "Mr Smith Goes to Washington," "Ninotchka."

Miss Ruth Rucker is director of the play, assisted by Miss Mildred Howell. Student assistant directors are Betty Jo McKay and Patty Campbell. R. L. Mayne and Tommy Gaut have charge of the properties and set and Lou Olive Pierce has

(Continued on Page 7)

Plans Formulated By Forum Council For New Semester

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Forum Executive Council, the girls of the junior college and high school gathered for a particularly important meeting in order to decide some of the policies for the club and to plan a schedule for the social events to be sponsored in the spring in connection with Girls' Week.

Martha Ann Connally, president of the club, presided and the first business of the day was the appointment of Josephine Upchurch and Frances Brown as chairmen of Girls' Week activities in the college and high school during the week in early April that is to be dedicated to the feminine half of the student body.

An organized campaign was instituted in behalf of the last Clare Tree Major play to be presented here under the auspices of the forum. This play, "Yellow Jacket" is destined to carry on the high standard for entertainment set by the two preceding plays presented by the company and all the girls are interested in having an appreciative audience present for the production. Each girl is personally responsible for doing her best to boost the ticket sales for this last play.

Highlight of girls' week will be the style show to be presented in connection with this annual celebration by the girls. The show will be followed in the evening with a dance at which all the girls will be present in cotton evening dresses, stressing cotton frocks as the secret of attractive clothes.

With great plans for an interesting future and hopes for the conclusion of a successful year in the spring, the meeting was adjourned.

College Dean Returns From C.I.H.L. Trip

Mr. Jenkins, the dean of Tyler Junior College, has just returned from a very important trip. As a member of the Commission on Institutions of Higher Learning, he served on a committee to investigate a number of schools throughout the South.

The Commission on Institutions of Higher Learning is a part of the Southern Association of Schools of which eleven states are members. Every college is anxious to become a member of this organization because it is a distinctive group with definite and difficult requirements for membership. Not only must a school be able to meet these requirements for membership but they must sustain them in order to remain a member of the organization.

Each college must make an application to the Commission on Institutions of Higher Learning and this application is then referred to committee which investigates rating of the school. Mr. Jenkins was chosen as one of the members of this board along with the president of Ward Belmont, Dr. Burk, and the executive secretary of the association, Dr. Hurlley.

The committee visited colleges in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia. This was certainly an attainment for our

(Continued on Page 5)

Phi Theta Kappa Names Acolytes To Honored Club

Phi Theta Kappa, the national honorary scholastic fraternity which sponsors scholarship and leadership, combined with all the traits of good citizenship, held an important meeting recently and after ascertaining which of the students were eligible for membership in the club, selected candidates to be invited to join the organization. Always an active club on the campus and a group that has as its purpose the inspiration of students to greater achievements, Phi Theta Kappa bears promise of finishing a most successful year. Completing plans for the admission of new members, the following students were issued invitations to join Phi Theta Kappa in a student assembly meeting held last Tuesday morning; listed in the order of their scholastic rank they are:

Lou Olive Pierce, Martha Joe Hawes, Josephine Upchurch, Mary Helen Ray, Ruby King, R. L. Mayne, Paschal Campbell, Betty June Hill, Kenneth Rasco, Joe Reynolds, Norma Epperson, Arthur Williams, Bill Tunnell, Alton Tyler, Charles Perryman, Betty Joe McKay, Lucille Williams, Ted Bachman, Gibson Gray, Ann Marie Richbourg, LeVerne Eby, Barbara Scott, Howard Greer.

All students who are excellent examples of achievement and leadership in Tyler Junior College, we are extremely proud to welcome them to the ranks of the intelligent. This membership that these students now hold will be of infinite value to them in their college careers and the fraternal pleasures enjoyed by all members will be a definite addition to student life. Phi Theta Kappa, corresponding to Phi Beta Kappa, in senior colleges is an organization in which any student would be proud to find his name. This club welcomes its candidates for membership and plans to entertain them at a party Friday night.

Valuable Gifts Received By T.J.C. Library

A fine old antique clock is the latest of a number of gifts which have been given this year to the junior college library. This solid mahogany clock was given to the library by Miss Anna Kayser of Tyler. Miss Kayser is well known by junior college students for her highly interesting lecture on bells and the exhibition of her collection which she gave in assembly last semester.

The case of the clock is hand carved and on the lower half of the door is a painting of a village scene showing a brook spanned by an arched bridge. The clock has been appraised at a minimum valuation of one thousand dollars.

In addition to the clock, Miss Kayser gave the marble shelf on which the clock rests. Both the clock and the shelf have belonged to her family for many years and she gives them to the school in memory of her father and mother. They have been placed in a recess in the back wall of the library where they can be seen by all.

Other gifts made by Miss Kayser are an industrial map of Texas, and a letter book containing communications received by former pupils of her school. Persons living in London, Paris, India, New Zealand, Australia, Germany, Alaska, China, Japan, South America, Mexico, Central America, and

(Continued on Page 7)

POLL OF STUDENT OPINION

Check your answer to the following questions and cast your vote in The Pow-Wow Office.

1. Should President Roosevelt run for a third term? Yes..... No.....
2. Are you in favor of a backward week end and college dance in the near future? Yes..... No.....

The Pow-Wow

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The Understanding Heart

If by some loving and magic alchemy the perfect gift were to be offered me today, with the stipulation that I might name my own choice—or make a wish, so to speak, I would ask for but one thing. No worldly things would be included in my wish—no commonplace dreams of luxurious clothes, personal possessions, or vast wealth would be mine. Not a soft and flattering fur coat, nor a sequined evening bag, nor silver slippers, nor amethyst velvet lounging pajamas would be that named. Not even a new house, a splendid place in which to live; not a new car, long and slim and glossy; not a trip around the world, much as the far places beckon—none of these would answer my longings. If it were possible to have the most valuable thing in the world, reckoned in terms of dollars and cents, the most money in the world, all in one lump sum—in either gold or silver, or perhaps both—or the largest, most perfect diamond or emerald—none of these would be that gift wished for. But if by some miracle, I might wish for a gift and know that I was to receive it—I would ask, humbly and gratefully, for an Understanding Heart.

With such a heart as this, I would go about my daily tasks without the gnawing of envy and jealousy at my brain, and I would find a greater joy in doing little things well. A realization that each day's work well done is a valiant tribute to any man and that "they also serve who only stand and wait" would enable me to meet the day bravely. My Understanding Heart would fortify me against the narrowing bonds of an intolerant mind and would insure a spirit broad enough to encompass all mankind in its understanding. Comprehension of what another's trials mean would make my own small and easily borne, and I could lose myself and my own troubles in the realization of my ability to help others with their hardships. From my Understanding Heart would go forth such waves of love and kindly feeling toward all the world. Toward the beautiful matron, exquisitely dressed and cared for, dirty young wanderer, seeking the transient camp in town, yellow men in a far country who surely needs the knowledge and standards of life we have to offer, to Communist, Nazi, Fascist—that it would surely go out spreading its own glow and joyous presence. Always understanding how the other fellow feels would render me impervious to the darts of envy and jealousy.

With my Understanding Heart would come the ability to go forth and do all the kindly things so long bottled up in desire. There would be time for accomplishments long dreamed of but never quite realized because of the demands of a commonplace, workaday life. My Understanding Heart would be quick to sense that truth and real accomplishment is not reckoned in terms of material gain, but according to the merit of the work itself and in accord with its real value to humanity. Real work is not confined within the bounds of backbending labor or the days of a drudge in a dingy office. Real work comes from the heart of the worker as spontaneously as a summer rain, as effortlessly as a little girl's mud pies, and yet as full of depth as any artist's masterpiece—and emerging, bears with it a bit of the heart from which it came. All this my Understanding Heart would recognize as truth—and I would not hesitate to follow my heart, for I would surely know that another would respond in the same spirit in which I offered—understanding would pave the way for that.

With this Heart as a shining armor of protection, I might go out into the world with thoughtfulness, love, and friendship as my philosophy of life. There would be no fear

of others opinions, no conventionalities as fetters chaining me to the commonplace—for with understanding of why others felt and acted as they did, there could be no barriers of coldness. No dull days, no lack of interests, no lazy inertia would be allowed me by my new heart—for knowledge and intimate interest in my fellow man would preclude that. Gone from the earth would be the shadow of the war of the worlds, for understanding would probe beneath the filmy promises of the dictators, the stupid blunders of executives, and the underhanded policies of warmakers, and reveal the petty greed for power, authority, and money that lies below.

Such an Understanding Heart is not a matter of acquisition. Oh, one may in a measure duplicate it, but it is that elusive thing given to a chosen few at birth. Christ possessed it completely in its fullest perfection. With his kindly understanding of the woman of Samaria, with his forgiving spirit toward Zacharius, the tax-gatherer, and with his sincere appreciation of the simple home life of Martha and Mary, Christ's heart symbolizes the most exalted understanding.

One might well rejoice in the possession of this exceeding great gift, and for my part, I can only wish that—

"In my intense desire for sight,
May I not stand in someone's light.

And if my neighbor err, I pray,
Oh show me, then, my feet of clay.

God grant to me the highest art—

Give to me the Understanding Heart."

On the Sidelines

Well, it has been quite a while since the last Pow-Wow came out and the Apaches have played quite a number of games, seven to be exact, since then and coming out on the big end of the score every-time.

The day the Pow-Wow comes out the Apaches took a double header from Westminster, winning the afternoon game by the score of 62 to 36, and the night game by the score of 82 to 34. Buck Overall had quite a busy day scoring 17 points in the afternoon game and 30 in the night game for a total of 47 points for the two games. Bernard Clayton played better in both games than he has all season. He is improving with every game. Foster Bullock displayed some sensational floor work and defensive play.

The next game proved to be easy with the Apaches winning by the top heavy score of 80 to 16. Buck Overall again led the scoring by making ten field goals and four free throws for a total of twenty-four points. Acie Cannaday made eight field goals for sixteen points to be runner up for high scoring honors. Most of his field goals were scored on a beautiful one handed shot with his right hand. This is one of the best shots we've seen in quite awhile. But it was Foster Bullock, sensational floorman for the Black and Gold, who was responsible for the winners' score. Bullock, aided by Captain Claud Brown, continually brought the ball down the court to feed it to Overall, Acie Cannaday and Jack Emmons. The classy Indian accounted for nine points himself, but specialized in passing.

Next game for the Apaches was the exciting game with the Paris Dragons. The Apaches came out on top only after some rough going. The score was 42 to 33. Again it was Overall who led the scoring for the Apaches with 13 points, but it was Acie Cannaday who came through when points were needed. He made 10 points. With four minutes to go, Paris was leading by one point, 31 to 30, Acie Cannaday came in for Tyler and shortly afterward made one of the prettiest shots we've seen all year to put Tyler ahead, 32 to 31. After this the Apaches kept the lead and winning a very important victory.

The next game gave T.J.C. the conference lead. It was a hard earned victory over Kilgore Junior College by the score of 43 to 31. The standouts for this game were Cannaday and Bernard Clayton. Cannaday was high point man, with 15 points. Bernard Clayton played 40 minutes of jam-up basketball. He was continually taking the ball off the backboard and also scored eight points. Overall was held to four points, but he twisted his ankle and was forced to leave the game before it was over.

The next Friday the Lon Morris

Bearcats invaded the Apache den to go down in defeat by the score of 44 to 30. For Tyler, Overall was high point man with 10 points. He fouled out before the half. Emmons was runner-up with nine points. Captain Claud Brown, Tyler guard, was the man of the night. He started the scoring and finished the opponent's offense. Hustling every second, Brown was continually taking the ball off of the backboard and he played 40 minutes without a substitution. Although he didn't shoot as much as usual, Bernard Clayton rode tall Byron Gilbreath in the hole and made some excellent passes. Lealan Casey's passing and floor work was much better than usual. Gabe Gilley started the second half and rang up three field goals in rapid succession while playing an excellent defensive game.

The next day the Apaches invaded Fort Worth to take on the T.C.U. freshmen. They came home with an impressive 37 to 28 victory. High point man of the night was Buck Overall with seven field goals and four free throws for a total of eighteen points. Clayton was runner-up for high scoring honors with eight points and close behind came Acie Cannaday with seven points.

Thespians Plan Play Preview On March 4

The next Las Mascaras meeting will be Monday, March 4, in the Gary auditorium. At this time the contest play, "No! Not the Russians" will be given for practice for the cast. The play will also be presented in high school on a pay program to be presented at 1 p.m. on Wednesday, March 6. The district contest will be at Gary auditorium at 8 p.m. Friday, March 8. Junior college students are urged to attend the contest and give the cast your support. Let's repeat the 1938 record. On to state championship!

The Rooster Crows

Well hello! I can't say its me again because I'm new at this sort of thing but here goes!

Jack Mack hasn't been seen with Ruth Calvert lately, I guess she showed him how the land laid, or was it Elizabeth.

Jo Ann Lewis fairly let Shorty Reynolds go. Could it be because James Todd has won her heart? One never knows, does one?

I overheard a T.J.C. girl say she thought Nelson Grisham was cute—but so does Mary Jane Graham.

Mignon Jarrell calls Bill Tunnell, "Blondie." Why?

Victor Fry and Virginia McCain are seen together quite a bit lately. Victor have you finally convinced Virginia you are the one or is it just trial.

Lately the library is being used for things other than fun, quite a rare work and it is used only at intervals. Oh, beg your pardon, the word is study.

Guys like Staples, Clayton and McMillian shouldn't be seen riding by themselves on Sunday afternoons, because think of all the lonely hearts that would appreciate such a break.

Curtis Williams is doing okay for himself—Well he should, Frances Farmer is a swell girl. Warning Frances, Curtis has interest in many other places.

Mary Jo Bass and Evelyn Atwood changed dresses the other day. Now that's okay—as far as changing goes—but wouldn't J. T. Ingram and Bernard Clayton look cute wearing each others pants.

Gracie Heath now has her pin back, and J. T. is only a minor part of her thoughts in other words, they have broken up.

From the looks of things Frances Gentry is going to be pushed in the background in the Bernard Clayton affair 'cause all the little freshmen girls are bidding for his heart.

Lafayette Webb seems to be running after Joe Weaver, does she expect to win him from Fannie? Wonder what really happened between Fannie and Joe?

Is Shirley Simons really so lonesome for F. Gentry that he has to spend most of his time with Margaret Nelson?

Roosevelt Campbell has been seen with an attractive blond and she isn't a T.J.C. damsel; don't wander too far off the reservation.

Bob Rice gave Lyle Rose Hankerson flowers for Valentine. (Irises) when we were all under the impression Bob liked Imogene Thompson better than any body.

Billie Melton Rogers is really rushing Jack Davis for dates, I guess his old flame died.

Ernest Staples has a crush on Marcia Moneysmith so I hear but I also hear, another freshman has a crush on him. Well Ernest?

Now that James Pate is back in T.J.C. he and Ruthie Pope will probably take up where they left off, before Billie Melton Rogers came along.

Well goodbye now and just for you folks who may not like publicity, I say, "be good and stay out of the limelight or your past, present, and future sure will catch up with you."



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Hitler tried to make peace with the Allies, but it was after he'd taken an olive branch and beat all the doves of peace to death with it.
—The McMurry War Whoop.

Maybe the reason why the tooth-paste announcers on the radio sound so funny is that they've lost all their teeth.—The Shorthorn.

After all, men are not so smart. Thousands of years before cars were made, the turtle had a streamlined body, a turret top, retractable landing gear and a portable house.—The McMurry War Whoop.

The town snob was telling a room full of unwilling tea-drinkers how she cleans her diamonds with Windex, her opals with buttermilk, her sapphires with soap and water and her pearls with boric acid. Gosh. Why, I don't clean mine—when they get dirty, I just throw them away? Who wants to be stingy, anyway?
—The McMurry War Whoop.

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Strange, isn't it?
What's strange?
Why, the night falls . . .
Yes.
But it doesn't break.
No.
And the day breaks . . .
Yes.
But it never falls.
—The Daily Lariat.

Definition for nothing: The hole of a doughnutful of balloon juice.—The Acorn.

It is rumored that the Russians won't eat fish any more because they are afraid of the fins.

Johnny was late to class this morning because there are seven persons living at his house, and the alarm clock was set for only six.

Sign on stude's door: "If I'm studying when you enter, wake me up."—The Sul Ross Skyline.

Fresh: Have you noticed the smell in the library lately?
Soph: Oh, that's nothing, just the dead silence they keep there.

Now if I were aviating
I'd hate to be a dunce;
For flying is one subject where
You never flunk but once.
—The Acorn.

Newlywed: How much are eggs?

Grocer: Fifty cents a dozen and 30c for cracked ones.
Newlywed: All right, crack me a dozen.—The Bison.

"I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead."
"Speak up, man, I can't hear you."
"I said, I'm sorry you've buried your wife."
"But I had to. She died."—The Bison.

When it was announced that Lady Godiva was going to ride a horse down Broadway to advertise a movie, the streets were jammed; it had been so long since anyone saw a person ride a horse.—The Daily Lariat.

Any girl can be gay in a coupe
Or in a taxi be sweet,
But the one that's worth while
Is the one that can smile
When you walk her back home
down the street.

Some physicians direct their patients to lie always on the right side, declaring that it is injurious to the health to lie on both sides. Yet, lawyers as a class enjoy good health.—The Daily Lariat.

One of the surest ways of getting up in the world is to become an aviator.

Confucius say: Husband who tell wife "Darn those socks," likely have wife say same thing.

One snowy, bleak mid-winter day
I took my skis and went away.
I traveled o'er the icy waste
To find a spot to fit my taste.
I found a hill that seemed to be
The ideal place to learn to ski
I cautiously peered up and down
To make sure no one was around

Then down the incline hurtled I
And faster, faster trees sped by.
But what is that before my ski?
A fallen log! Oh, woe is me.
Now listen, kids, don't get the thought
That I am preaching, 'cause I'm not.
But heed this warning: Never try
To ski before you've learned to fly.
—The Konah.

The troubles of a college librarian:
A Glenville (W. Va.) State Teachers College librarian recently received a request for a book called "Forty Ways to Amuse a Dog." The person wanted "Forty Days of Musa Daugh."

Even closer to home is the woman, who wanted "The Great Sir Ralph," for her 12-year-old son. The correct title, however, happened to be "The Grapes of Wrath."

As Elvira puts it, "Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening."
—The Sul Ross Skyline.

All work and no play makes jack.
—The McMurry War Whoop.

Laugh and the world laughs with you: cry and you streak your rouge.
—College Star.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better off than those who try to do nothing and succeed.
—The College Star.

I'll tell you a story
A Quaker told his son
Be good and you'll be happy
But you'll miss a lot of fun.
—Victorian.

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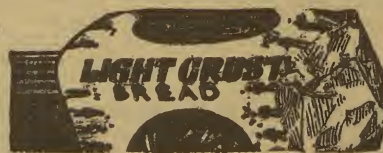
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Broadway Collegian

By JOE WHITLEY

New York, Feb. 23.—Polls from the college papers seem to indicate that swing and jitterbugging die a-bleeding, but regardless of the fact that the tempo of dance music is set by the campus, there will always be at least one sanctuary for rug-cutters, where music careens out of this world unmindful of collegiate displeasure.

It is a section of uptown New York called Harlem, where until 1932 swing held sway without undue attentino from the rest of the weary world. Then suddenly the smart-set swooped down on Harlem lured by the weird noises that emerged from a place called the Cotton Club. Here, there was no god save swing, and Cab Calloway was his prophet. The dusky dancers were soon dispossessed by the dinner jacket and sequin crowd. Hi-di-hi was the universal wath-word.

But that was yesteryear and the fad is done. The Cotton Clut has moved to Times Square. The white folks have turned to la Conga. And Harlem is itself again.

Most any night you can see Swing a-rocking in the Savoy Ballroom, a gargantuan Taj Hahal dedicated to torried shuffling. Here come Harlem cafe-au-lait society. Here trek the faded hoofers from Columbia, a-totin' Wellesley ladies out for excitement. The tariff is modest and the atmosphere ruggedly individualistic. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The mood is Swing with a lickety split. What else could it be with such worthies as Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Erskine Hawkins, Earl Hines and Fats Waller serving as grand marshals?

Down With Demon Rum

If you've been troubled with pink elephants in the dormitories or your fraternity house, fret no more, gentle readers. Demon Rum s iabout to be catapulted from whence he came.

Here in New York a group of sixty brave souls who once gazed with affection on the wine when it was red, have at long last come to know the villian for what he is. What is more, they have organized a club called Alcoholics Anonymous; and the other evening, they were dined, but not wined, by John D. Rockefeller, himself.

These good souls have vowed to put John Marleycorn in his place, (wherever that may be) not only here but all over the world, hearth and campus alike. We were asked to invite collegiate backsliders to get in on the ground floor and to let them know that an appeal to box 657 and 658 Church Street Annex, will bring aid instantner.

Peace, it's wonderful!

Jelly-Beans

We received a list of the 10 best-dressed men now enjoying the full life the other day—no doubt you did, too—and feel mighty sad to discover that our good friend Lucius Beebe, America's storied Beau Brummel, has fallen from grace.

Only last year, Harxard's dazzling son held down the number one position, but this year he's sporting No. 17 beneath baseball players, tycoons, curbstone diplomats and, band leaders.

Ever fond of Harvard, Mr. Beebe takes solace in the fact that the Crimson is still represented in the immortal 10. No. four place is held down, of all things, by James B. Conant, Harvard's prexy.

Life Is Sad Department

The other day a posse of the journalism students over at Hunter College here in Manhattan descended en bloc to interview Joan Edwards, a Hunter ex and currently a dispenser of sizzling melody as you may know.

Mostly the theme of the inquisition was to be: Career versus Marriage. The Hunter gals, as a man, leaned toward the latter.

Miss Edwards listened to the spokesman pop the question to her,

wrinkled her brow and then salied:

"Waste all that time preparing yourself for a mere man!" she flipped. "Don't be silly. I'll take a career anyway."

State Of The Theater

The only play to burgeon borth this week was a little something by Ayn Rand called "The Unconquered," which failed to vanquish even the most balmy of critics, being, if you're interested, a wheezy piece intended for anti-Bolshevik propaganda.

Not eve nthe noble efforts of Dean Jagger and Helen Craig could save it. The cadaver will have been buried before you read this.

Bagatelles

We almost ran smack into Harry Carey the other day in the colossal blizzard that hit us. The western hero of your youth looked more like a banker than a Gallahad of the brush country. He's in town to do a show. . . . Girls here are set-ups for sheiks; everywhere for all we know. (Come to think of it there was the late Mr. Valentino.) Anyhow a real, live sheik named Khalil Ben Ibrahim Al-Rawaf, sporting a turban and strip-tease eyes, becomes the center of all feminine eyes, just let him saunter into a nightclub. Rumor hath it that his gold stores are enormous. Not that that matters to the nightclub gals, of course. . . . Dorothy Lamour is in town. She walks down Broadway to the stares of the tourists and the winks of the cab drivers. She enjoys the attention, seems like.

Clippings

The failure of romances
Apparently comfy and cozy
Can often be traced
To people too noseey.
So if you don't want
Too much woo on the shelf
Just keep your snozzle
All to yourself.
—Yellow Jacket.

The three things that a bride
thinks of when entering a church
are: Aisle, Altar, Hymn.
—Arrow Head.

She left me for the leader of a
swing band,
The lowing herd winds slowly
o'er the lea
And now it's one for gin
Instead of two for tea.
—Yellow Jacket.

A Columbia University professor
has invented a static-less radio.
This will deprive some programs of
their last alibi.

The snortest distance between two
w-p- is an unjust peace.
—Optimist.

I got a "D,"
Oh woe is me,
For Pa will see,
That I ain't been studying.
—College Star.

"What have you done," St. Peter
asked,
"That I should admit you here?"
"I ran a paper," the editor said,
"At my college for one long year."
St. Peter pityingly shook his head
And gravely touched the bell.
"Come in, poor man, select a harp,
You've had your share of hell!"
—College Star.

Said one joke to the other: Hi-
Larity!

Maybe Roosevelt should be elected
again: Look what Wally Simpson
did on her third trial.
—College Star.

I think that I shall never see,
A damsel lovely as should be,
A mug of lipstick and mascara,
Her mother wouldn't know the
wearer,
If she should wash that phony
map,
We'd find a Frankenstein, mayhap
A dame who may in summer wear

THE LOUNGE LIZARD

While meandering around the campus this past week, I was handed this small letter written by the majority of the student body. The body of this letter consisted of this: Why doesn't someone shut up that bright boy of T.J.C. and give someone else a chance to say something in class. He manages to hold the floor in all the classes he is in. Now we appreciate him taking up time, etc., but some of us know our lesson once in a great while and we also would like a chance to shine. The letter ended by saying: Anyone, interested in this project please meet with the society to annihilate such people, in the library next Tuesday. Be safe and bring your own chair.

Yours truly understands that Patsy Kittrell has another admirer. Patsy's reputation (please don't misunderstand) must get around. It seems this poor sap has never seen her, just heard of her from mutual friends. Anyhow to make a long story short he starts calling her and Patsy gives him the ole 1-2 (my mother won't let me out tonight). Lord keep the poor working boy from the clutches of P. K.

Tut, tut, for all of Wanda's friends for hopping on her for going with Bill Coats. After all whose business is it. Not mine I am sure. But if Wanda wants to date him, why should we worry. Wanda is of age and quite able to take care of herself.

The boys who visited Tyler to play in the symphony certainly made a hit with some of our fair sex. Can hardly expect anything else. Several of them were the best looking things that ever entered these portals since 1921 (???)

At the time I am writing this column Ruthie Pope and Bill Rodgers are going together and doing fine, but perhaps by the time the paper it out, there will be a few broken hearts again for the hundredth time. Tut tut, Ruthie for leading Rodgers on, and keeping the gossips in such a stew. Orchids to you, Billy, for using some common sense and dating someone else. After all, Ruthie is not the only pebble on the beach and Jack Davis is very cute. Now that she has lost all interest in Ged S. you might have a good chance.

Tut tut, Susie Howle, for trying to take Hubert Braden away from Martha Ann Connolly, you must realize that he likes her a lot—why else would he ask her for a standing date each week end. Why don't you relax and leave well enough alone.

Orchids to you, William Dean, for being such a polite little boy and helping Hazel Dickinson put on her coat after English class. It made her blush very prettily and here is where the blushes are few and far between, they are appreciated.

A glass eye and a mug of hair,
Upon whose pan mudpacks have lain,
For beauty suffers any pain.
They read about this stuff in books,
But only God can give them looks.
—McMurry War Whoop.

I bought a tube of your shaving
cream. It says no mug required.
What shall I shave?
—The Kampus Kat.

The most wonderful thing about
the tree of liberty is the amount of
grafting it's able to survive.
—The McMurry War Whoop.

Bicampus—

(Continued from Page One)

used. This play is representative of Chinese humor and philosophy. As are all Chinese plays, it is based upon four parts reality, three parts humor, one part dreams and three parts sensitivity.

No doubt this play will be very amusing and well worth our time and money.

Such Is Life

Valentine has come and gone and many girls were disappointed as well as boy's pockets emptied. Oh well, such is life, in every case:

Betty Doyle is really getting around in T.J.C. Besides Cooney, the flash at basketball Buck Over-all has been taking her to the show lately.

Ruth Housewright has been spending most of her time at the home of Mr. Howard Greer lately, incidently he's been sick. She has been forever faithful to him, she won't give the other boys a chance.

Indeed talented is our friend Jack, one of T.J.C.'s pep leaders, she's even led Billie "Glamour Puss" Rogers into the cheering with Ged.

Sonny Tooke is getting to be quite a ladies man lately, he's supposed to be shy and bashful, but it seems he's got plenty of nerve devoting most of his time to other boy's gal. Ray for him, catch.

Our Romeo Clayton has a high school flame, he spends most of his spare time chatting, or cooing one over the phone to her, what a man—incidently it's one of the McMillan twins.

Franklin Bell has really been playing a lot of bridge lately. Boys will make some of the darndest excuses to see girls won't they, after all Billie Rodgers has been dating Martha a lot hasn't he Franklin? Don't let it get you down Franklin, jealousy isn't the best policy.

Danny Daniels is quite a traveler lately, just mention Dallas or Patsy Lacy if you want to see him blush!

Doris Dewberry seems to be on the brighter side of life lately. Maybe Eugene Talbert or George Thomas had a lot to do with it, I betcha!

Martha Sue Howle and Hubert Braden are getting along swell lately, much to the disgust of Tommy Gaut. "Suzie" and Hubert went to Waco Sunday night. We hear Hubert lost his exemptions on account of their little show date, incidently he skipped school.

Raymond Rockwell really kept Jo Ann dated up while he was home, to think Todd has his appendicitis out too.

Shirley Simons hinting around that he likes Mary Grayce—Dean King does too, and you'd better get to work Shirley, a hint to the wise is sufficient.

Wonder who the basketball player is that Iris Dunham is so interested in, watch out boys, she's a dangerous woman.

Vic Fry is really a ladies man, come on girls form your line to the right—he's getting a new car soon! "Handsome" Fry to you boys.

Boys, I'll let you in on a little secret, there's going to be a back-

Rumblings on the Reservation

If these strong, breezy "From Confucius sayings" don't stop, I think we will all be "Gone With the Wind." For instance, "What Does Confucius' little brother say?" He say, "Confucius talk too much." We agree!

Brilliant Mind Murphy was discussing Poe and said, "Do you know Poe's Raven?" Bright Joan Lewis perked up and said, "Raving—I didn't even know he was angry!"

Well—I've seen everything. Franklin "Mush" Bell (of all things) has operatic aspirations, and is consulting Mr. Bing (by way of voice lessons, dope). Another dope—Charles Niblick—has given up his ambition to prove his loyalty to Alma Mater (T.J.C. to you)—anyway—who can keep quiet at our thrilling basketball games?

Imagine—Gracie Heath gave J. T. Ingram his pin and now he is casting amorous glances at one of our belles. We wonder who? Oh Yeah?

Thanks to Edward McKelvy and the Swing Cats for their swell-elegant music at the basketball games; by popular request we want them again. How's about it gang?

Flash! Pope and Rodge (those off-again, on-againers) have patched up their differences. For good? Who knows

Wanda "Scarlett" Moyer seems to know her onions (or is it her men?)

Ruth "Hold It" Housewright is so very happy now that Howard is back in school. Isn't it wonderful, the effect some people have on others.

Newest addition to T.J.C.—Boy's Lounge—Inaugurated by Claude Brown (He's soooo tired). But we wonder why he put it right at the door of the girls' lounge. This could be that Claude has become a Romeo waiting for his Juliet. We wonder if he has found a Juliet.

As Confucius say, "Man who sit on tack, is better off"—and so am I. Toodle-doo.

Scalpingly yours,
Chief Wahoo.

ward dance soon, so you better be good.

After the basketball games and dances I bet Jobie Dean won't be a woman hater—

Walter Guild took Frances Cone to "Gone With The Wind"—Some stuff, eh kids.

As Confucius would say, who started all this talk.

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Wanted: Name For New Swing Organization

All of the basketball fans have been hearing some excellent music during time-outs at the games lately. This group, furnishing the music, has been organized by some of the talented students of the junior college and the high school.

After the rehearsal last week, they decided to organize the group, so a meeting was called in order that officers could be chosen. Iris Dunham served as chairman pro tem. During the meeting the following officers were elected: Edward McKelvey is the president; E. B. Powell is vice-president; the secretary and treasurer is Iris Dunham; the junior college reporter is Woodie Ferguson, the high school reporter is Hymie Roosth; the head of the reed section is Eddie Wasserman; the head of the brass section is E. B. Powell.

The other members of the band are: Malcolm Turner, Billie Boucher; Edmund Eagle; Tommy Sanders; Jimmie Larken; and Paul Hollingshead.

Now that the group has chosen all of its officers and is well organized, it is badly in need of a suitable name. The name, "Swing Group," or "Swing Organization," does not seem fitting. Since half of the students are from junior college and the other half are from high school, the name of either school would hardly seem suitable. Surely for such a capable group, someone could think of a "snappy" title. The members, unable to decide on a name for themselves, appealed to the Pow-Wow and now we are, in turn, appealing to the student body of both schools. Anyone who has a fitting or unusual idea for such a group, we urge that you turn your name into one of the members of the Pow-Wow staff or one of the members of the band. When all the names have been submitted, a vote will be taken so that the best title can be decided upon. Be sure and hand a name in because yours maybe chosen.

Ode To Baby Freshman

Dear Editor:

I am a High Freshman and having reached this position feel justified in assuming a self-righteous attitude toward all baby-freshmen. Now I can understand why the older students, particularly sophomores, looked down their noses ever so slightly on my own entrance into these hallowed halls. The very first day after I had raised myself to my present level, a new freshman tread on my toes by taking my favorite chair in a science class. All I could do was take another seat and gaze at her, outraged and sick with horror. However there was retribution. The afore-said child dropped the course before the next lecture. And then came the history class incident which will forever remain one of the darkest days of my life. I am extremely fond of history (my teacher is not aware of this) and make a hobby of learning all manner of useless and amusing things not mentioned in the text so you can realize that a few asinine remarks on the part of the new students would leave me totally upset. Invariably they ask a vague question about Maximilian and Carlota while we are studying some three hundred years before the establishment of their empire in the new world. Questions about the Maximilian on the English throne, left

The Dramatic Rat

Dear Mrs. Rat:

If this letter is slightly on the squirrel side—it's just the influence of that contest play, "No! Not the Russians!" Incidentally, if Mickey and Minnie are not any better just bundle them up Monday night anyway and bring them up that hole by the heater. I'll be safe and warm there if Charles Stripling doesn't let out a war whoop like he does at the ball games.

Mrs. Rat, I slipped in to a rehearsal of the contest play one night last week and I have never seen such a queer one as that one is. Adrah Hicks just sits up on a ladder and writes poetry. At least, I guess it's poetry; her mother, Mrs. Delameter (whose resemblance to any person living or dead—mainly Jo Upchurch—is purely intentional) calls it poetry.

This is mostly ad lib but I'm wondering what Billy, Edward, and the other afflicted ones will think of William Dean, the Las Mascaras president, being Josephine's husband in the play. Oh! Well, all artists are crazy. But Billy shouldn't mind because he's their son. He's an artist too. But I can't discover what Joe Reynolds is supposed to be. He runs around and sprays his throat and does voice exercises. He must be kin to Confucius or Caruso.

You remember Jack Davis, the girl in the bathtub scene where Junior wore his colored glasses? Well, she is Miss Jones, the old maid school teacher in the play—and is she a scream! Earl Reynolds just walks around and gets in everyone's way and eats apples, chews gum, and smokes cigars. They called him the stage manager.

For some strange reason Patty Campbell and Betty Joe McKay go to all the rehearsals. Also, R. L. Mayne runs around with paint brushes, palettes and easels.

Those speech classes are really fun. Bobby Rice and some of the others spend all their time trying to trade for last numbers and they are good speakers anyway.

The Las Mas Valentine party was really keen. Red hearts were everywhere. Lulu Glenn made everyone cross the Delaware. Bruce Feder MUST have thought Mr. Poston was around, the way he played dominoes all evening. J. O. Burnett certainly did shine on the sandwiches. He could eat two or three at one bite. Lucille or Arthur Williams led some games. Yours truly doesn't know which one—not that it makes any difference.

Boos and bouquets: Boos to Walter Guild for reasons better known to himself, and to Ann Marie Richbourg for those deceiving eyes. To Barbara Sutherland for being sick so long. Bouquets to all those new students for joining Las Mascaras. Boos to those who haven't paid their dues. And a piece of cheese for "No! Not the Russians" Monday night.

Confucius say, "No, Not the Russians velly good play."

Yours,

Ritum Rat.

me dumfounded. They, these children, are also unaware of the existence of more than one Napoleon and frankly can't figure where Napoleon II entered in at all. "Who was he?" they say. It's a pity they don't know about Napoleon the III, though, since he had so much to do with the destinies of their beloved Max and Carla.

Oh well—I shouldn't be so critical. I, too, was once a baby freshman. I suppose I can forgive even this brutal affront to the intelligentsia, and hope they grow up like I did.

Sincerely yours,

A High Freshman.

APACHE OF THE WEEK

BERNARD CLAYTON

Twice all-regional forward in high school, tall Bernard Clayton who has been named starting center for the Apaches since Jack Emmons got his shoulder injury, is fitting nicely on the Apache team, despite the fact that he is playing out of position.

Just as soon as Clayton brushes up on the tiptoe he is expected to make a good all-around center. He shoots with fair accuracy and is especially handy in scrambling for the ball underneath the basket.

Clayton is six feet, two inches tall and he and Buck Overall, the Apaches' high-scoring forward, are the two tallest men on the squad and much will be depended upon them when the Apaches go up against a tall lanky ball club.

Bernard played for four years with Bailey High School, a small community 30 miles north of Greenville. He was a regular all but his first year and in the seasons of 1938 and 1939 he was selected as a forward on the all-regional five in the regional tournament conducted at Longview.

Bailey won the regional championship in 1938, but lost out in the state tournament. The Bailey team fought its way into the regional finals last year but lost out in the finals to Gilmer. H. Kenneth Leslie is the Bailey coach and he gave Clayton some good tutoring, as his tall protegee has already displayed for the Apaches this season.

Clayton, whose jersey number is 14, is a freshman in junior college and will have another year of eligibility left after this season and will be one of the mainstays of next season's team.

ACIE CANNADAY

Following in the footsteps of his older brother, Leonard, by winning a regular guard berth on the Tyler Apache quintet is Acie Cannaday.

Acie had to sit back on the squad as a reserve last year and be content while his older brother drew the plaudits from the fans, but with Leonard having entered Texas Christian University this fall, Acie is out to uphold the family name in a basketball way in the local school.

Meanwhile Leonard is doing right well for himself at T.C.U., having copped the starting berth on the Frogs varsity quintet.

The two brothers hail from Mt. Vernon where they each played high school basketball.

Acie, now 20 years old, played three years as a regular forward for the Mt. Vernon High cagers and was named on the all-district team the last two years, each year in which his team won the district championship. Last year he entered junior college here and worked hard all season, hard enough to earn a letter but he wasn't seasoned enough to beat out his brother, Morris Samford or Lealan Casey for a regular berth.

This year, however, Acie is out there hustling in trying to hold onto a regular berth. He played probably the best game of his career against the Stephen F. Austin Reserves recently.

Acie is constantly battling for possession of the ball. He is a good floor man and a better than average passer.

His ability to come through in crucial games will have a great deal to do as to whether the Apaches are successful in defense of the state Jaycee cage crown within the next few months.

Major—

(Continued From Page One)

Wu Hoo Git and his way of winning this Yellow Robe which is his royal right.

The last opportunity that Tyler patrons will have to see a pleasing performance of dramatic ability, this production should furnish entertainment for numbers of students as well as townspeople. Tickets are on sale at Judge the Florist.

Library Offers New Books Of Varied Types

What will you have? Will it be fiction, travel, science, history or drama? Choose your favorite for they can all be found among the new books in the junior college library. Following is a list of the books just received.

Beard, American in Midpassage. Beals, The Coming Struggle for Latin-America.

Benfield, April Was When It Began.

Benes, International Security. Boswell, Modern American Painting.

Chase, A Goodly Fellowship. Dimick, Modern Politics and Administration.

Ebenstein, Fascist Italy. Exupery, Wind, Sand and the Stars.

Fitzpatrick, Some Historic Houses. Forester, Captain H. Hornblower.

Guedalla, Hundredth Year. Guiterman, Lyric Laughter.

Gunther, Inside Asia. Harding, Imperial Twilight.

Herriques, No Arms, No Armour. Jennings, Next to Valour.

Keith, Land Below the Wind. Krutch, American Drama.

Mantle, Best Plays of 1938-39. Page, Tree of Liberty.

Partridge, Country Lawyer. Selby, Sam.

Streit, Union Now. Simonds, The Great Powers in World Politics.

Soubarane, Stalin. Towne, Gentlemen Behave.

Vance, Escape. Watson, American Painting Today.

Weiss, The Shopping Guide. Wright, "Getting Along With People.

Parry, Whistler's Father. Shean, Not Peace But a Sword.

College Comics

Following a bitter touch of Jack Frost and an unusual blanket of snow, spring is finally emerging on the Teejace campus along with the Valentine season. Which reminds me, since this year is leap year, why shouldn't the handsome Romeos of our Alma Mater be on the receiving end of the customary Candy Treats instead of the "digging end"?

Congratulations to one of our young women who was really a woman in the "Women," Jack (Crystal) Davis. Jack was tops, so thought Ged Stuteville who was beaming on the front row Thursday night. Maybe it was because Jack had asked him for the cast

party afterwards. As her reward, Ged takes Jack to Dallas Sunday and what I hear, they really had a swell time. Also, Welburn Dodd, (a Texas-ex) went along to keep a date with a cute little Miss?

Francis (G. G.) Gentry boosts her own reputation by proudly displaying pictures of "her very close cousin" who was chosen to lead the Fancy Dress Ball at Washington and Lee last week. Also, Elizabeth Calhoun was there, which I imagine, deeply arouses thought on the part of one Jack Mack.

Doesn't Jo Ann Lewis look lonesome lately? It couldn't be because of James Todd's appendectomy (whew)! Anyway, she made this startling remark, "I never liked Earl half as much as I do Todd."

And speaking of Earl, one thing just seems to lead to another—Earl is taking Ruthie Pope to see "Gone With the Wind" while Tommy Gaut has reserved the first two seats in the balcony for him and Susie Howell.

A new Apache, Iris Jean (Fool-aroundsky) certainly has Robert Fry on the string. She'll even endure a boring bridge game just to be with Robert.

Bowling has taken Apacheland by storm, especially the weaker (oh, year) sex. Joan Lewis and Ruth Housewright are so good that they were asked to bowl on the Friday afternoon women's league. But Ruth begged the spectators not to tell Howard (S. A.) Greer what low scores she bowled. And speaking of "going steady," you certainly pay the price when your steady is sick—Don't you Ruth?

WE WONDER:

1. Why there wasn't enough soda water at Las Mascaras Monday night?

2. Why Frances is such an ardent basketball admirer?

3. Why Bernard Clayton never has any dates?

4. Who's going to pay for the neon sign Franklin Bell broke at the Derby?

5. Why Bobby Rice can't choose between Hank and Margaret?

6. Why every English History student was glad Tuesday when they got to have the much discussed "walk" when Miss Henderson was absent?

In closing, dear one, let me remind you that Confucius say, "He who slings dirt is fast losing ground." Gosh, I hope not . . . !

College—

(Continued from Page One)

dean and we are very proud of him.

Also the junior college is a member of this association, which means that any student attending Tyler Junior College will have his credits accepted by any senior college without any question or doubt as to their ability.

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IDIOT'S DELIGHT

Mr. Shultz and I had just breezed into town a few days ago and already we were enchanted by the place. It is peaceful and quiet; at home the people are rowdy and antagonistic. They are probably hard at work and slaving for what? They may never see the infinite delights of India, and Bombay particularly but I guess if they don't see them they won't miss them. We had breezed in and been installed into our hotel and out to see the sights in the twinkling of an eye. Shultz was good at attending to the customs men and all—even if I did try to smuggle in some parrots and some Turkish cigars. That was far behind us, as was the atmosphere. These people took everything easy, while all the people at home slave for nothing. They—ah well, what is the use? I could not begin to describe the spell of the place. Our hotel was infested with bed bugs, and a few other English people, an Indian potentate, a woman who looked as though she might be in the foreign service of, say, the Soviets, and a harmless and effeminate looking creature who frowned every time the Spy Lady ordered another gin sling.

"Say," exclaimed Shultz, "who do you suppose that fascinating creature is?"

"I do not know nor care, but be on guard. She looks dangerous. She might get some information out of you. We are on our vacation but we do know many of the secrets of the collitch. We MUST NOT REVEAL THEM!"

He heeded my words but looked at her longingly, from underneath half-shut lids.

"Enough of that," I snapped. "I will take care of her."

The little Indian gentleman moved close to us and inquired what we thought of his country. We thought it was nice and told him so. He asked if we had seen all the sights and we said that we had. He asked if we would like to see something beautiful: a perfect poem of a structure, wild and lonely yet with all conveniences. It was his country estate, he informed. Then a shadow crossed his face. I can't take you now though because if I do I might be killed. I do think that you should see it. You are different from the other travelers that come here, I sense it. I can tell in the cosmopolitan air that the others would fawn, but not completely accomplish. We bowed slightly in recognition and smiled delightfully at each other. We informed him that we would love to see it. He protested that he could not lead us into danger. We overrode those and said that we were perfectly able to protect ourselves and that further more we could assure him that he would be unharmed. Further more, before I could stop him Shultz had asked him to come up to our room and sample our brandy. Ah well, it wasn't everyday that one meets a person such as that.

Some time and some drinks later we decided to leave for the estate. We set out in his automobile, a long, sleek affair, and finally had to go on donkeys. We finally were beginning to think that we were being led on into a desert when we saw the moonlight gleam on the sand and vegetation and then another object—a building. It looked like a mirage; the moonlight gave a mystical glow to it. It rose out of the earth apparently. We rode up to it and noticed only a few

THE PESSIMIST

From dark and dreary clouds
Rains out his food for thought,
Into his lake of life,
His freak and fancy wrought.

He hears the voices sad
And hears to what they say,
He smells the sweet of odors,
But all ways turns away.

He lives his life a cripple
And never knows the worth,
And never finds the joy,
That's nail'd upon the earth.

He looks beyond the sweet of life
Into the realm of stain,
He sees the blackest spots,
And lives them twice again.
—Raymond Cook.

lights. "The servants," he murmured, by way of explanation. All of a sudden we heard voices coming out to us from the house. We suddenly recognized the tune they were singing and we suddenly joined in the familiar strains of "Apache Chant." We entered the house and were met by the same joyful crowd we had seen at the hotel. They were, it was explained to us slowly and gently, alumni of the collitch. They were having a party in honor of the founders day. The party was well along and we struggled to catch up. I sidled up to the Spy Lady and asked her when she had attended the collitch. She said that that was years ago and that she had then taught at the collitch! Her accent was thick and I wondered what post she had filled. She leaned forward and whispered confidentially that she filled the post now occupied by Miss B'burg. I gasped and tried to cover it. Soon I peered up and noticed that the little offensive, effeminate was hanging around. He evidently wanted to converse. I began to question him and he answered very glibly.

The next morning as I picked my way out of the debris, I wondered where he was. He had left and I could not recall our conversation. I wondered what it was all about and I suddenly went in search of Shultz. I thought that all was not as it should be. He sallied forth and raked his brain for a clue. Suddenly I had an inspiration. We hurried back to the hotel and went through our files. We suddenly came across it. I sent Shultz down to the bar and see if he could see him. Pretty soon he came back, out of breath, and said that he was there and what to do next. "Nothing," I replied with a steely glint in my eyes. I swooshed down and accosted him. "Youse are a viper. Those are strong words, but I mean them." He shrank from me but I grabbed him and drew him to me. "You are a low down cad," I hissed from between my teeth. "Did Lon Morris send you to spy on us?" he nodded miserably. "Well, that's all—just well. I cannot conceive of such a trick. I—would—advise—you—to leave the—country . . . IMMEDIATELY." He winced and fell back limply as I relaxed my hold on him. He suddenly turned and scuttled up the stairs. I leaned across the bar and motioned weakly, but the bartender, a prince of a fellow, had understood and had hastily concocted a famous Sgar-podo Amaintainderinov. I gulped it down and turned to survey. I spotted my friends entering: Shultz, the Spy Lady, Our leetle Indian friend, the English couples, and three ex-convicts. They were to attend a luncheon for the alumni. We all smiled triumphantly and nodded in unison. "That just goes to show that the school spirit will never die," said one of the convicts. A Russian refugee that we had not noticed before, muttered something in his native tongue. He meant long live T.J.C. "Just for the record, what do we all do," I asked pleasantly. The convicts; the Spy Lady was on a committee for the Finnish relief fund; the potentate was a potentate. We went in to lunch arm in arm gayly singing the school song with other less lofty words and doing the war dance.

Note: This is an official communique from the Bombay front. All is well—well . . . almost.

Gone With The Breeze

By MARYANNE FLANAGAN

You think that I am looking pale this morning? Well, I should think I have a right to be. You are looking at one who is in direct contact with the spirit world. No, I haven't been going to those phoney mediums with their spooks and seances. . . . I wasn't looking for trouble, I was just sitting there on the hill where the ancestral mansion was before Sherman came marching through, and suddenly right before my eyes without so much as a "by your leave" this ancestress (that's what she claimed to be) materialized out of the air. I thought for a moment that perhaps I had only imagined that she had come "out of the nowhere into here" as it were. Perhaps she had wandered over the hill when my eyes were momentarily crossed, and therefore incompetent. But on observing her closer I decided that beautiful damsels didn't wander about on hills—where—ancestral—mansions—stood—before—Sherman in ante-bellum costumes. That's what she had on; a magnificent hooped skirt of a grey rustly material, with some sort of a flimsy soft looking shawl around her shoulders. I said (very gently and diplomatically) for you never can tell when one of these harmless eccentrics is going to develop maniac depressive symptoms. "Good evening, might I ask where the masquerade is?" At this no-doubt-tactless-remark she drew herself up to her full height of 5 feet 2 inches and assumed an expression of offended, if not outraged, dignity. "Suh, your presumptions are intolerable, I shall have my brother call you out!" Then she looked around to where you can still see the ruins of the old chimney and sighed sadly; "But I forgot, he is gone with all the others, I must protect myself now." Then, Cadwallader, THEN those little cold-footed creeps started doing a tarentella hither and yon on my spine.

Although she looked as real as you do, I had a feeling that all was not normal, and my knees were shaking worse than that cocktail shaker (make that a double Daiquiri). But her manner was not one to induce fear, and within a few seconds I had my craven instincts under control, so I turned right around and walked back up the hill. After we had talked for a few minutes and established our relationship (it seems that she was my great-great aunt) she told me her tragic story, repeat with a number of harrowing details which for the sake of brevity I will omit as I tell you:

Lavender McTavish (for such was the name of the gentle spirit) was the belle of Savannah, lovely of form as of face; in fact only one thing barred her from perfection . . . she had a penchant for warbling Stephen Foster ditties in an off-key lyric soprano. Had she joined a bar-room quartette this inclination would doubtless not have led to such trouble, but she persisted in following the practice of screeching down the rafters of the parlors of some of the finest homes south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Lavender's betrothed, Rutherford Winslow, being a sensitive chap, could stand the strain only so long. He determined to do something to save his basilar membrane from the savage onslaught of such unharmonious caterwauling.

Now Rutherford was a man of brain as well as brawn, so he contrived the following heinous scheme: He was aware that he could not simply pack his bags and hie himself from the vicinity of Lavender, such an action would be contrary to the code of a gentleman and a scholar, suh! There must be an undeniable reason for his leaving. Then a thought struck him like a shot of tequilla . . . a call to the colors. (This was before the days of the French Foreign Legion,

so the only hope for a fugitive male was an authentic war.) Since there happened not to be a war kicking around that year it was up to Rutherford to instigate one.

So, incarcerating himself in his magnificent colonial mansion on the banks of the Tom-Bigbee River, he began to compose a novel. This novel was a heart-rendering affair, about the manner in which the po' dahkies were treated by the mustachioed whip brandishing owners; also about how they did their daily dozen by chasing Negroes over ice cubes every morning with blood-hounds. This seemed silly to me, I had much rather pursue a cherry in a whisky-sour glass, when I feel in the need of exercise.

It seems this little effort of Rutherford's was a best seller in the land of—Yankees. Such a hit was it, and so well did the—Yankees believe it that before you could say "My Old Kentucky Home Far Away" they had delivered an emancipation proclamation and declared war on the Confederacy. Promptly every man in the county enlisted in the Confederate army, it was one thing to be loyal to the Union, but quite another to remain at home and listen to Lavender's tortured larynx.

When the men fled from Savannah, Lavender promptly moved her scene of battle from the depopulated parlors to the more populous ones of Birmingham, only to be left high and dry by the ensuing exodus. Then Memphis, phfft . . . join the army: Nashville, same; Atlanta, empty parlors on Peachtree Street; Charles, same; and Natchez, New Orleans, Baton Rouge; Richmond, Raleigh, Chattanooga. All bare of the male of the species, whose ears seem to be more delicate than those of the fair sex. In her enthusiasm to sing "Nellie Was A Lady," Lavender had driven the whole masculine contingent of Southern society to war with the frumious—Yankees.

But in her characteristic undaunted way, Lavender would not allow herself to succumb to despair. She said, "I'll go back to Savannah and take care of my voice and when the war is over I can sing to the boys." But alas, before that joyous day an unseasonably sharp zephyr chanced to stray her way and carress her treasured throat causing her to lose her voice. This final blow she could not endure, so she ushered herself from the cruel world via a private necktie party.

Valuable—

(Continued from Page One)

places all over the United States. Miss Kayser's sister, Miss Nina Kayser, also contributed a book, "The American Encyclopedia of Business and Accounting."

Several gifts have been made this year by students of the junior college. Jim Constantin gave 150 books to the library with the understanding that the books too primary to be used were to be given away to other libraries. Forty of these have been retained and the others have been given to the ward schools and to the county library.

Mary Jane Harrell also gave several books.

Johnny Wills, a former student gave a number of books. These include, nine standard novels, "Compton's Encyclopedia," "The Master Library" which contains ten volumes, and twelve miscellaneous books. She also gave a book case to hold these books.

The junior college is proud of these gifts which will add much to the library.

Campus Hamlets Caper At Party

That very outstanding drama club at Tyler Junior College called, "Las Mascaras," was entertained last Monday night with a party given in the reception room of the school gymnasium. About 70 guests were present.

Valentine decorations were used in the recreation room. In keeping with the time of the year, a gigantic Valentine was used in the center of the room, from which streamers with smaller hearts attached, were festooned. There was a large Valentine on the door and ones were hanging all around the windows. These clever decorations were the result of the work of the following committee: Miss Iloise Wimberly, Miss Charitte Thompson, Kenneth Rasco and R. L. Mayne.

The first part of the evening's entertainment consisted of games, which carried out the Washington, Lincoln and Valentine motifs appropriate to the season. These games were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The second part of the evening's entertainment was dancing to the music of the orchestra composed of Junior college and high school students, led by Woody Ferguson and Eddie Wasserman. The committees in charge of the game and social hour were headed by Miss Betty Jo McKay and Miss Lucille Williams. Others on the committee were Miss Verna Mae Kelly, Miss Mozelle Mathis and Arthur Williams.

Refreshments of cold drinks and heart-shaped sandwiches were served. On the refreshment committee were Miss Lamerne Layton, Miss Ruby King, Franklin Bell and James Thompson.

Miss Ruth Rucker of the junior college faculty was sponsor of the party.

American—

(Continued From Page One)

charge of costumes. Mary Anne Flanagan is publicity manager.

The cast includes some of the most talented students on the campus and furnishes one of the best chances the school has ever had for winning a state championship. Students taking part in the play are:

Stage Manager, Earl Reynolds. Mrs. Delameter, Josephine Upchurch.

Mr. Delameter, William Joe Dean, Aileen, the poetess daughter, Adrah Hicks.

Eric, the artist son, Billy Tunnell. John, the singer, Joe Reynolds.

Miss Jones, the school teacher, Jack Davis.

All loyal Apaches are urged to attend the play when the contest is held and support the cast with our presence. This is one of the most interesting achievements of the college and students as well as faculty look forward to the contests each year. Everyone is invited to attend the presentation of the contest plays.

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That never
Tasted fruit.

—Raymond Cook.

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T. J. C. Downs Lon Morris In Crucial Contest

Apaches of Tyler Junior College turned back Lon Morris College's Bearcats, 44 to 30, here Friday night.

The victory left the T.J.C. basketball team needing but one more conference victory to clinch at least a tie in the Northern Zone, this victory was won from Kilgore College last Tuesday.

Captain Claud Brown, Tyler guard, was the man of the night. He started the scoring and finished the opponents' offense. Placed on highscoring Bob Steele, Bearcat forward, the Apache captain held his foe to two points in the first half of the game. Not until the last period, after lanky Buck Overall of Tyler had fouled out, did Steele find himself open enough to rake up enough tallies to take honors.

Tyler was making passes count for points, lobbing high ones to fall Overall, Bernard Clayton and Acie Cannaday under the basket. Local players were following shots nicely and often counted on rebounds.

Lon Morris was clearly outclassed all the way through, with the exception of one short rally after Overall went out soon before the halftime whistle. In the second half, the Bearcats, finding it impossible to work the ball inside the tight Apache defense, started shooting from outside. Brown was always waiting under the goal for the throws that usually fell short.

The Tyler boys jumped into the lead with Brown and Acie Cannaday counting from the floor. When the fourth foul was called on Overall, the Apaches led, 18 to 9, with three minutes to go in the first half. Jack Emmons, who also was in top form Friday replaced the Tyler scoring ace.

Lon Morris, taking advantage of its break, rallied to within two points of its leaders' total, but the spurt was broken by the halftime gun, and the Apache lead at the start of the game was never overcome.

ODOROUS TO L'ALLEGRO

I hope that I shall never see
A poem as lousy as these be
I read, at length my head did
rest

In drowsy dullness on my breast
I rose and sought at greater
length

A malted milk for new found
strength.

As I absorbed each ounce of erg
Came doleful thoughts of Bran-
denburg

Poems are read by gurg like me
But only dolts flunk. z z z.

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APACHE OF THE WEEK

GABE GILLEY

Gabe Gilley, 5-foot, 11-inch forward on this year's edition of the Tyler Apache cage team, might well be termed "the last of the Gilleys."

Followers of the local junior college cage team can't hardly remember when there wasn't a Gilley from Whitehouse on the team, and in more years than one there have been two or three Gilleys on the team. The Gilleys first started playing here in 1932.

Gabe, a sophomore, is rounding out his junior college cage career this year, and he is the last of a long line of basketball-playing brothers and cousins. He is a brother to Ray and Dave, a forward and guard respectively, on different Tyler Apache teams in the past, and a cousin to T. L., Ernest and Cleveland Gilley. T. L. and Ernest, who are also brothers, each played guard, while Cleveland played center on Apache teams in the past. T. L. is now a regular guard on the Texas Tech team and played here with the Tech all-stars just before Christmas in an exhibition game.

The hustling Gabe lettered last year but wasn't a regular. This year he is apparently well on his way toward winning a regular berth. He sprained his wrist in a workout right after the holidays but it is healing fast and is not expected to handicap his playing any length of time.

Gabe started out playing basketball, like his brothers and cousins, on the Whitehouse High School team. He played two years at regular forward for Whitehouse during the 1937 and 1938 seasons before entering Tyler Junior College and playing with the Apaches during the 1939 season.

The most points he ever scored in one game, 21, was against Glade-water while he was playing at Whitehouse. His best shot is a two-handed toss from near the free throw line, and his appearance in the lineup is expected to go a long way in helping Tyler defend her state championship crown, won during each of the past two seasons.

JACK EMMONS

A great deal of the chances of the Tyler Apaches toward copping their third straight cage crown will depend on how badly Jack Emmons, big, husky center was injured.

If the shoulder injury should handicap his shooting and general playing ability, Jack's loss will be heavily felt, for Coach Will Ward has depended upon him as one of the mainstays of his regular five this season.

The team physician has already reported that the shoulder injury will likely heal fairly well within ten days but he said at the same time that it may handicap Emmons' playing more than that, particularly if it gets hurt again.

Emmons, 19 years old and a 6-foot, 1-inch, 181 pounder, started off his basketball career by playing with the Murphy team, but shifted to Arp to play with the Arp High School cagers in the 1937 and 1938 seasons. He was captain of the Arp High School team in the first season he played with them. He played center with the Arp cagers both years.

Jack played one year of football with Arp, being regular center of the grid team, that, during the 1938 season.

Although only a squadman with

Apache Injured In Victorious Kilgore Tilt

Staging a late spurt to defeat the Kilgore Junior College, Tyler Junior College's Apaches last week at Kilgore, won 43 to 31, and came away with the undisputed lead of the Northern Zone in the race for the state junior college cage title.

Thus the Apaches pass their most important test of the season and are well on their way toward winning their third district crown.

Buck Overall, Tyler's high-scoring forward, sustained a twisted ankle in a scramble for the ball in last week's game, and a doctor's examination was to be made later to determine how bad his ankle was hurt. After the game, however, he was up walking around some.

The night's battle was a hectic affair, the lead changing hands or being tied up seven different times.

At the halftime whistle the count was deadlocked, 17 to 16.

Not until midway in the last half could a superior team be determined, and then it was only a temporary acquisition.

Coach Parks had his boys well informed on the Tyler representatives. Outstanding man of the hometown pack was Dutch Leissner, guard, who was assigned to Buck Overall.

The Rangers failed to capitalize on their greatest advantage. Only occasionally did they pass the ball in height to lanky Simmons, their highest scorer, under the basket, but on such occasions Simmons had things in his own hands. Guarding him was Captain Claud Brown, who was too short to be considered, yet too proud to turn his foe over to a taller man until he was kept on the bench at the beginning of the second half.

Bernard Clayton, Apache center who played 40 minutes of jam-up basketball, nullified the earlier action and Cannaday put the visitors ahead, 4 to 2. Leissner came back to tie the count, and Alex Weatherford, center, put the Rangers ahead with two perfect free throws.

Neither team was using the fast break. Coach Will Ward's quintet tried it once or twice, but the Kilgore boys were trained and waiting. Both fives had to be content to try to work the ball in. Overall was held under the goal to use his height in scrapping for the ball and couldn't take part when his mates tried their favorite scoring scheme.

Kilgore jumped ahead again at the start of the second half with Weatherford's throw paying off. Overall tied it up and Emmons took the Apaches the advantage. Weatherford came back to make it 20-all.

Emmons counted with a free throw, but so did Kilgore's Gresham. Brown's gratis pitch was good and the Apaches pulled away to the lead they never relinquished.

The leaders received a serious scare soon after, however. With the count unsteady at 24 to 21 in their favor, Overall twisted his ankle and was forced to the showers. His teammates treasured their precious advantage and refused to give it up.

the Apaches last year, he saw service in a good number of games and showed his worth.

This season Jack has been going "great" up until the time he got hurt. He scored 18 points against an independent Palestine team that played here recently.

His specialty is a one-handed bank shot at the side of the basket, and as a center he hasn't missed a single tipoff, although he has been going up against some pretty tall and pretty fair centers thus far.

The main question is just how much will his shoulder injury slow him up?

Jack apparently had a great season ahead of him before his injury and he still may show plenty if the knocked-down shoulder doesn't bother him too much.

Meet the Deadline

by
A Galley Slave

Yeah! Some one has been loafin' again, so I'm just warning you! If you want to save your face you had better get to work.

Perhaps some of you noticed the new boys' lounge originated in the hall Tuesday afternoon. Maybe that hint will be sufficient. They would put it right outside the Pow-Wow door!

Williams, Inc., are inseparable. Library, class room, or else where, it is just like an illusion because they are never without one another.

Miss, Editor, Murphy had an anniversary the other day. She celebrated by going to see "Gone With the Wind." Harrison honored her by being in town for it and that was lovely being as it was having gone steady with him a year that she was celebrating. He sent some beautiful flowers, which, as Murphy wailed, "I can't eat." He also chumped off with a gift for Valentine.

While Murphy was bragging, Marcia piped up and said she would soon celebrate her second anniversary. Murphy promptly squelched her by telling her that it was not going steady though. Murphy says it only pays to be consistent.

The recent themes handed by the sophomore English students were certainly inspiring, to them anyway. How could anybody possibly write such a thing about such people.

Miss Bradenburg was discussing part of Milton's "Paradise Lost" with some of the students after class, when Raymond Cook happened along. Thinking that the expression on Raymond's face was a very puzzled one, she asked him what was the trouble. Raymond said, "Well you all are using rather strong language aren't you?" Maybe only the sophomores will get it, but I'm sure they will.

If you want to find out what time it is, just look in the library. You can't miss it. There is a little room just below the ceiling. Perhaps a medium sized alarm clock would fit in. Does anyone have one to spare?

Dear Mr. Guild: The heart-throb of T.J.C., had some very good pictures of the snow and the children being rolled in it. The pictures were movies and some of the objects of study were so unsuspecting that the pictures were really clever.

Some of the craziest people on earth are human beings. Have you met Herbert Feder? Better still "Herbert shoot me the Sherbert" Feder. The name is a little long but so is he. He seems to like the name however.

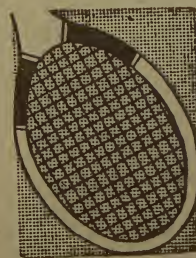
Wanda is about to get jealous just because William had a date and did not tell her about it. What could she expect? Turn about is fair play and besides who wouldn't accept an invitation to go to a show.

Casey has been in a bad mood the last few days. Even he admits that he is not his usual happy self. I have heard of love having that effect. You don't suppose—no it couldn't be—but one never can tell these days for love lands in some of the funniest places.

Those girls who met the boys who visited Tyler from N.T.S.T.C. will probably agree with Hank. They

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Cinder Team Gets Interest Of Apache Braves

There is more interest in track this year than in any previous year. The track team is being organized but has not practiced yet because of bad weather.

The boys that are expected to come out for track are: Branin Lindsey for pole vault and javelin throw; Charles Niblick for javelin throw, high jump, and pole vault; Raymond Cook for 100 yard dash and half mile; Richard Doyle for mile and shot put; Foster Bullock for mile; Jack Morris for broad jump; Buck Overall for high hurdles; Raymond Williams for the half mile.

Most of these boys have had previous track experience in high school and we hope they can revive the interest in track that has been lacking in the past.

were really swell kids and maybe they will come to see us again sometime.

Well, I'm tired and this gossip has not gone as I had hoped it would but I can't quite, so will you forgive me if I just ramble on a little more.

Miss Howell really has a lovely disposition to put with what she does in French class. Some of the children just must eat and the food ranges all the way from hamburgers to cream puffs. It does make things more interesting, though, especially when the class comes right during the lunch hour.

The Rogers business has been going just a little too far. Any boy who would let a girl lead him around like that with everyone telling him what it is all about is either an awful dope or just doesn't have any back bone.

We are all very glad to see "Glamour Boy" Greer back in school. It just isn't natural for him to be far away from Housewright. Some people seem to think that he has a steady influence on her but I don't know about that. It is all in the way you look at it.

Instead of Confucius say, the newest is becoming, Milton say: "Quote—Unquote." Oh well, it serves its purpose.

I don't know what I'm doing here anyway. I should have been through long ago and besides, this may not get in the paper, if I don't hurry and we wouldn't like that, would we?

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